

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

## BELL SMITH ABROAD.

No. XX.

LE CHIFFONNIER DE PARIS.

DEAR FRIEND: During Lucy's last illness, as I was counting by the window the weary hours as they were slowly away, between midnight and morning, I saw some figures with lanterns passing from side to side in the dark street, and frequently pausing as if in anxious search. Each had his light and stick, and as this light shone below, the back seemed rounded into a huge deformity, as if hump-backed. But, on looking closer, I saw that lamp was a basket, and into this basket whatever they searched was dexterously thrown. I had never heard of such beings as these, and looked with intense interest upon them as they glided about mysteriously and earnestly in the black, still life, just before dawn.

These were the chiffonniers or rag-pickers of Paris, of which Paris has over twenty thousand—a respectable town that would be out West—indeed, a city—and would have ministers, councilmen, merchants and lawyers; would have its aristocracy, its exclusive circles, and civil wars. Twenty thousand inhabitants would own a destiny; be represented in Congress, perhaps furnish a President or a Hawthorne. Capitalists, looking at the round figures 20,000, would invest, and railroads stretch out their iron lengths to the distant horizon. Twenty thousand chiffonniers are twenty thousand inhabitants, except in Paris. They too have their history, perhaps their destiny—these busy prowlers of the night, for at night only are they abroad, silently following their strange pursuit. But they have their history, written in blood. When the great State trembles, they come thronging out fierce and bold, in eager silence for their alms and dispassionate. They batter down palaces and erect barricades, and Kings fly; and word goes out to the world that Paris is a revolution. The chiffonnier is told then.

I have watched them many a time since I first remarked the strange creatures, knowing their character and singular life. It seemed to me, in thinking of their weird existence, as if, while the great city was lost in sleep, they were ghoul-like darting and then searching in eager silence for their alms and dispassionate. They batter down palaces and erect barricades, and Kings fly; and word goes out to the world that Paris is a revolution. The chiffonnier is told then.

Some time since, a French author, as distinguished in political life as in literature, made this character the subject of a drama, that, in the hands of Frederic Lemaitre, the famous actor, had a run unequalled even in Paris. I never saw the piece performed, but, attracted by the name of Felix Pyat, its author, I made it my text book in studying French for some months. I have wondered greatly at its not being translated and performed in America. The character of Jean, given by Mordoch or Anderson, would be very effective. Twenty thousand people must have instances of individual romance, and the chiffonniers have theirs. An eminent physician at one time in Paris is now a rag-picker, and may be seen, when not prescribing to his brother chiffonniers, passing from heap to heap of gathered rubbish, lantern in hand, like another Diogenes. One can almost read the indignation of his countenance. As he takes a closer view at some doubtful substance, and the light gleams over his wrinkled face, one is startled at the stern impression of settled discontent, indeed of hatred. But for the history.

The Count Rodolph Vesey was the husband of one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in Paris. The Count married her in a blind fit of love, greatly to the indignation of his family; for she was neither rich nor of noble position. He married for the beauty, and was too stupid to discover that he was taking more than he asked. The beautiful Diane was as talented as beautiful, and the gentleman found at length that he had brought to his house a being far superior in spirit and intellect to himself. Vain and jealous as he was, the discovery became a terrible annoyance. His gorgeous house was made the most attractive in the city, and his dashing wife the centre of a wide circle, made up of wit, poets, statesmen, and artists; and no one could claim any position in the fashionable world, unless recognized by Madame the Countess. This was bad enough, at best; but the lord and master was awkward and silly, and good-natured friends soon taught him the fact that, while one half of the establishment was courted and admired, the other was avoided and laughed at—the old story of Beauty and the Beast—only this beast was an ugly beast, and permitted some very bad feelings to grow in his four nature. The old lord gradually changed into a bitter hate. In our country—where this little drama is often acted, as well as elsewhere—the husband finds relief in despair, and the poor wife, for desiring to have brilliancy, is punished by seeing her better half a terrible animal indeed. But Frenchmen have a French nature, differing decidedly from our old-fashioned human nature; and the Count Rodolph did not drink strong drinks, nor did he gamble, but the Count took himself to hard thinking, not for the purpose of improving his weak head, but to discover, if possible, some means by which to dispose of his beautiful superior. She was so very prudent in her conduct, so general in her attentions, that light-winged slander, so delicate and indelicate a thing in Paris, could find no spot on which to rest. The Count was sorely perplexed. If she would only love some one—if she would only give him a reasonable pretext for abuse—what a happy man he would be. This came at last—the pretext, I mean; for at this day the Countess is void of feeling, and in place—a parody in white kids. But the occasion for a rupture appeared.

Well, you ask, what has all this to do with our Doctor, the chiffonnier? Be patient; we will come to that directly. Among the admirers who surrounded the Countess was a round-shouldered, hooked-nosed, badly-dressed individual, that one might call positively homely. But this gentleman was witty, eloquent, and withal generous and sincere; not generally so regarded, but so in fact. After one passed, if one could, the outer line of breakers and spray, they found many fields and quiet dale, full of nature's richest stores. He appeared wealthy, held a high official position, and had to the world an unknown history. But he was known historically to our brilliant Countess.

When the Countess was in the Count's house, quite out of Paris. You went round and round until you were dizzy, then up a straight, narrow flight, then you turned suddenly, and followed a sombre passage, the little lights of which came, you knew not from where, and seemed itself to be lost and faint with getting there. Then you stumbled against half a dozen stars—as if the habit of having stairs could not be got clear of—then you opened a door, and found a little room, queerly shaped, and lighted by a window in the roof. But we

have nothing to do with the little room, only with its occupant—a silent, staid man, who seemed to have a purpose. How he looked acquainted with Madame Valmont and her beautiful daughter, I do not know; but the acquaintance was interesting and useful. He gave the daughter lessons, comforted the mother with good advice and several small loans of money, and I suspect was in love with his acquaintance—when Monsieur the Count came in, and carried away the prize. The student went his way, the Countess here; they were wide enough apart, and quite unknown to each other for many years; but the position of the one, and the talent of the other, made them known to the world and to each, at last.

The Count was ignorant of this little history, as all were but the two interested. He only noticed the brightened face and joyful manner which this gentleman was very happy in the company of her strange acquaintance, and passed too much time enjoying it. But the circumstances on which the husband acted were subsequently shown to prove her entirely beyond suspicion.

This lady had never intruded her poor relations upon her rich husband. Even her mother, long as she was on earth, seemed quite removed from the sphere usually filled by mothers, and had one relative dependent upon her bounty; a poor cousin, whose ill health made it almost impossible to serve. Without annoying her husband, she was anxious to secure the unhappy youth a post under Government, by which he might support himself and relations. This gave rise to a mysterious correspondence, watched over by the anxious husband. He saw sufficient in his excited condition to think her conduct and act about his revenge. It was what a weak, cowardly creature would propose; eminently cruel in intent; eminently French in manner. He did not wish to kill his wife, but merely to subdue and conquer her; and with this design determined to tie her, open a vein in her arm, taking care to have a physician near, and under the terror of death, to hear her confession and prayer for forgiveness, and then call in medical aid to her relief. It was well planned, and, had the poor lady anything to confess, would have probably been successful. He borrowed a lancet from the family physician, bade that gentleman be in attendance, without, of course, revealing his design. The poor woman awakened from sleep to find herself bound hand and foot, with her cruel husband standing over her. She did not resist, attempting to move, but her large eyes stared in fright and astonishment.

"What is the meaning of this?" she faltered out.

He replied, to make her confess, before dying, to her ingratitude and infidelity. She tried to laugh, tried to consider it a stupid jest, but the angered expression of his face made the laugh die in her throat. He again demanded a confession, and she, ascertained her innocence, his hard arm and applied the lancet—a wild scream rang through the room. The Count had prepared for this, yet, fearing she might be heard, he placed his hand upon her mouth. Looking at pleading eyes and flowing blood was certainly not a way to obtain a confession; yet every removal of his hand was followed by such piteous screams, that no other way was left. Enraged at his failure, he blundered from the first, he repeated the wound, until his poor wife fainted from loss of blood.

The Count rang for the Doctor; but the Doctor, a bluff, frank man, tired of waiting, had unceremoniously departed, and the husband, believing his wife dead, hastily gathered some valuables and fled, nor was he ever heard of again. The poor wife was left to die alone. We are told that a death of this sort is exceedingly cruel. The blood flows until the victim faints—then it ceases, and she revives, and so, dying many times, life gradually ebbs away.

If I were a great author, of the Bulwer school, now, I would pause, and call your attention to the thoughts and feelings of this poor lady, as for an hour she lay there with her eyes open, looking at the crimson spray from her lovely arm, and wondering how the golden tapestry, the old paintings, the gorgeous furniture, the many gilded mirrors, in which started and feeble life saw itself reflected. Above all, I would suggest the fact of the mother turning her dying head, and staring through the, to her, gathering night, to where, under the little canopy, swung her babe, prattling to itself as it awaited the morning carousal. And, writing a French horror, this all would be in keeping. Our friend, the Doctor, having completed some trifling affair, returned, and proceeded at once to the chamber of Madame. The physician belonged to that class of great minds who are astonished at no event. Unfortunately for him, in this instance, he coolly rung up the servant, ordered the release of their lady, applied all necessary remedies, and seeing no result, he said, "But his help came too late—the poor Countess could only falter out her story, and die."

I say the Doctor's manner was much against him; his lancet was found stained with blood upon the floor, and although never believed to be the principal, and on account of his position cleared as an accomplice, yet suspicion remained, and the world recoiled from him. In his prison he was left to die, and his rapacious wife sank into poverty; his wife a sensitive, ambitious woman, died of a broken heart, and for a long while the great world lost sight of him. One morning, just before daylight, the carriage of one of his most wealthy patients, in former times, whirling home from a ball, nearly threw to the ground an old chiffonnier; and as the rudely-shaken lantern gleamed upon the iron grating of the carriage, the gentleman recognized his former, friend and physician, the chiffonnier he was, and a chiffonnier he is to this day.

I would not be safe in asserting that your readers have not met with this before, for it is historical, and as such I give it here, a specimen of the material out of which rag-pickers are sometimes made in Paris. Fine linen ends in chiffons, and fine people sometimes in chiffonniers.

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE.—The Albany Herald alludes to the catalogue of outrages it has recorded within a week past, as follows:

"The first was the robbery and desecration of the Scotch Presbyterian Church edifice in Detroit; the second, a too successful attempt to blow up the new Roman Catholic Chapel in Dorchester, Massachusetts; the third, the robbery and attempt to burn the Broome street (N.Y.) Baptist Church; the fourth, the robbery of the Roman Catholic Church in Philadelphia; the fifth, the destruction of the Roman Catholic Church in New Hampshire; and the sixth, and most alarming, the destruction of the Roman Catholic Church in Bath, Maine, by a mob."

For the deeds of a thief or secret incendiary the municipal government cannot be justly held accountable, because they are deeds that its utmost vigilance cannot wholly prevent; but it is in the power of every municipality in the Republic to prevent the destruction of property by a mob; and when it fails to do so, it should be compelled to make compensation for

the injuries it fails to prevent. This is the means, and the only thoroughly efficient means, of preventing deeds of violence and wanton destruction by law-defying mobs.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1854.

HON. MR. MACDONALD, OF MAINE.

The Biddeford (Maine) Union, of the 7th instant, after describing the offensive conduct of some persons at the railroad depot in that town, toward Mr. McDonald, in shouting out that a "doughface" could be seen, and pointing him out to the crowd, remarks:

"We are sorry that any indignity should be offered to Mr. McDonald, but the strong and bitter feelings which his course has excited for his betrayal of the cause of freedom and the rights of his constituents, while it does not excuse personal indignity, furnishes the reason which calls it out."

We perfectly agree with this writer. The least and most servile of Northern crouching to Southern arrogance should be held responsible at the ballot-box alone. Members of Congress, however unpopular, should everywhere feel secure from personal indignities. The duties of their position are such as require the utmost freedom from restraint in thought and action.

EDUCATION IN LOWER CANADA.—By a table sent in one of our Canada exchanges, we find that, in 1853, the whole number of educational institutions of all kinds in Lower Canada, was 2,352; pupils, 108,284. In 1850, in Massachusetts, the whole number of educational institutions of all kinds was 4,006; pupils, 182,292.

The population of Massachusetts was within a fraction of a million; that of Canada is about 900,000. The children between five and twenty in the former were 310,000; in the latter, they are about 280,000.

## "NORTHERN" AND "SOUTHERN."

In our extracts from letters of correspondents the reader will find a few words of encouragement from the slaveholding States. One of them, writing in yesterday's Era from Kentucky, announces the formation of several Anti-Slavery churches in Kentucky. In another column, an old citizen of Virginia, subscribing himself "A Virginia Free-Soiler," makes a brief but significant allusion to the condition and wants of the poorer classes of white persons in slave States, who are compelled to become overseers, or to emigrate to regions exempt from the oppressions of a Slaveholding Oligarchy. A native of Kentucky, who still clings to his home in that State, in the hope that she may yet be regenerated, tells Northern men that acquiescence is a poor policy, and that they should have stood firm in 1850. He calls upon them, not to denounce the South, but to direct their efforts against the Slaveholding Class, which is intent on perpetuating and extending Slavery. The majority of the South are not slaveholders, and even among slaveholders there are not a few who would rejoice at the overthrow of the Despotism which weighs upon them all.

This is true. The non-slaveholders of the free States should never permit themselves to assume a sectional tone or position. The struggle, as we have often said, is between Principles, not Sections; between the Many, not the few; between the Free, and the Few, interested in it—between the Non-Slaveholders and the Slaveholding Oligarchy. The Non-Slaveholders are not confined to one section. Even in the South they outnumber the Oligarchy, although they are devoted, to a great extent, of political power. The Press, and the Pulpit, and the College, all the controlling influences and exponents of Public Opinion, belong to the Oligarchy, sustain its claims, defend and labor for its interests.

Thousands of Southern Non-Slaveholders sympathize with the movements of their brethren in other sections, to restrict and break down this dominant Power, and thousands upon thousands will openly unite with them whenever their demonstrations shall be so efficient as to furnish ample grounds for hope. Many of them, from time to time, emigrate from the slave States, and become the most determined Anti-Slavery men. The leaders of the Anti-Slavery Cause in Ohio, in its commencement, were emigrants from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. Some of these Southern Non-Slaveholders will go to Kansas, with a determination to shut the door upon the Tyranny, to escape which they abandoned their native homes.

The advice of our Kentucky friend is good: let us not denounce the South, but the Oligarchy, which, for the sake of its own aggrandizement, oppresses the general interests of the South, seeks to make the North tributary, and would Africanize all our Territories.

## KANSAS TERRITORY.

The letter from Mr. Wood, in today's Era, dated Westport, Jackson Co., Mo., is full of interest. We have known him long, as one of the most respectable citizens of Ohio, and a consistent Anti-Slavery man; and we rely upon his statements.

It will be seen that United States troops to some extent have been secured as allies of the slavery propagandists, in the outrageous attempt to drive off Northern emigrants. Some of these have been intimidated, and have transferred themselves to Nebraska; but the majority are firm, and not to be moved by the terrors of Lynch Law, even with the bayonets of mercenary, foreign troops, to enforce it; for it must be borne in mind, that by far the larger portion of our army consists of Irish recruits.

Mr. Wood states that nine out of ten of the gangs who made a descent upon Kansas, (doubtless at the instigation of Acheson,) marked out hundreds of claims to which they had no shadow of right, staked them, and then resolved to sustain each other in enforcing them. He returned to Missouri, and that the Methodist Missionaries of the Church South have been specially busy in forwarding the introduction of slavery. What an infamous disgrace! Such Christian professors convert more white men into infidels, than red men into Christians.

But, the tide of free emigration is rolling in.

Hundreds of non-slaveholding pioneers are already in the Territory, and they will stay there. The Baptist and Friends' missions are Anti-Slavery. While Acheson's nullifiers are resolving and threatening, the industrious, hardy freemen are quietly taking possession, making their clearings, and preparing to give an authoritative declaration of their views at the ballot-box. From our exchanges and our private correspondence, we infer that thousands of emigrants are on their way to the Territory. Now is the time, for those who intend to go. Let them leave their affairs at home half-settled, rather than delay a single day. The idea that a hundred or two propagandists should march over the line into Kansas, resolve it into a slave Territory, and then nearly all march back again, and coolly warn off free emigrants as intruders, is simply ridiculous. The men who settle the Territory and labor with their own hands, must and will determine its institutions. We have heard the bullies resolve—now let us see the workies act.

If slaveholders meanwhile choose to carry slaves into the Territory, we suppose there will be white folk enough to show them their way to Nebraska. Some of the Democracy who have been reading the stereotyped denunciations of the Washington Union for the last year, against Africanizing Cuba, will be apt to set their faces against Acheson's plan for Africanizing Kansas.

## POSTAGE IN FREE AND SLAVEHOLDING COUNTIES.

During the consideration of the Bill of Mr. Olds, for raising the postage—which was very properly rejected—Mr. Haven, of New York, made an appeal to Southern men, to abstain from urging such a measure; and to enforce it, he called their attention to the fact, which he referred to in no sectional spirit, that the deficit in the Post Office Department is chiefly owing to the comparative smallness of postage receipts in the Slave States, while in the free States enough postage is collected, not only to pay for the transportation of the mail in them, but the deficit accruing in the South. To sustain this view, he submitted the following table, taken from official documents, furnished by the Postmaster General:

"The following table shows the amounts actually credited for the transportation of mails by States and Territories, and the amount of postage collected in the same:

States and Territories.	Total postage collected.	Transportation.
Maine	\$125,194.94	\$52,767.88
New Hampshire	81,703.63	31,999.45
Vermont	78,638.86	62,476.85
Massachusetts	453,096.80	130,117.12
Rhode Island	47,377.79	12,139.71
Connecticut	148,364.50	64,173.13
New York	1,175,516.06	455,019.76
Delaware	16,310.71	9,412.00
New Jersey	89,074.17	74,139.55
Pennsylvania	488,308.30	238,019.69
Maryland	152,158.11	191,586.20
District of Columbia	37,832.89	313,234.72
Virginia	183,472.18	175,630.59
North Carolina	60,751.51	127,169.19
South Carolina	142,800.14	215,238.78
Georgia	16,878.83	38,661.99
Florida	12,800.14	21,538.78
Alabama	96,091.82	178,543.35
Mississippi	73,108.21	115,924.92
Texas	47,164.46	139,362.19
Kentucky	112,542.60	139,038.15
Michigan	96,757.19	136,260.14
Wisconsin	72,570.83	46,608.00
Louisiana	128,170.19	90,420.73
Tennessee	85,701.10	92,885.29
Missouri	98,781.82	140,454.41
Illinois	175,346.83	181,611.19
Ohio	378,759.72	363,185.37
Indiana	137,330.43	109,392.96
Arkansas	28,105.89	90,856.15
Iowa	40,980.22	36,393.82
California	123,152.00	174,243.02
Oregon Territory	3,259.86	47,682.16
Minnesota Territory	3,259.86	2,386.28
New Mexico Ter.	517.12	19,647.22
Utah Territory	959.69	3,269.70
Nebraska Territory	520.18	—
Washington Ter.	536.89	—
	5,084,464.57	4,199,961.68

Classified, the figures will stand as follows, for the free States, slave States, and Territories:

	Postage collected.	Transportation.
Free States	\$3,817,051	\$1,743,354.02
Slave States	1,321,535.37	1,268,401.15
Territories	15,861	72,981
	5,084,464.57	\$4,199,961.68

## FREE SLAVE STATES.

We are among those who look with hopeful interest upon the movements of the Association for aiding emigration from the free States to Kansas. It is conducted by practical men, who are not accustomed to failure in the enterprises they undertake. There is, nevertheless, a question in respect to it, which we should like to have satisfactorily answered. Granting a preponderance of free State emigrants to the Territory, and that, in consequence, Slavery is denied a place in the Constitution of the new State, we should still like to know what security we have that the moral and political power of Kansas will be found on the side of Freedom in the National Councils and in Presidential elections. We really cannot feel entire confidence in the stability of emigrants who, at home, have been by no means reliable. The slavery-prohibition clause in the Constitution of California was hailed as a Northern triumph, but it has thus far proved a very barren victory. The Representatives of that State have uniformly voted with those of the ultra slave States; their whole tone and bearing on the question of Slavery have been such as to lead a disinterested observer to suppose that the protection and extension of the detestable institution were the grand objects of their participation in the national legislation. When to this is added the fact that its local Legislature has cunningly evaded the constitutional prohibition of Slavery, and afforded slaveholders all needful security for holding and reclaiming their human chattels, we really cannot see much to boast of in "the free State of the Pacific."

Iowa—the near neighbor of Kansas—is an

other specimen of a Free Slave State. From the hour of its admission to the present, its influence and votes have been given in favor of Slavery. Augustus Cowar Dodge's vote has always been as certain for any villainous scheme of Slavery Propaganda, as those of Butler and Acheson. Where the special balance of this state of things lies, we do not pretend to say—we hope, at least, that our Quaker friends there have clean skirts in the matter—but there is no disguising the fact that Iowa is now, and has been from the outset, so far as her action in the Confederacy is concerned, to all intents and purposes a slave State. We are glad to notice, at the present time, signs of reaction and protest against this unnatural and degrading alliance, sufficient, at least, to warrant the hope that, at the election about to take place, a new order of men will be returned to Congress. We notice, with pleasure, among the anti-Nebraska candidates, the name of R. L. B. Clarke, a brother of Grace Greenwood, and, like her, loving Freedom and hating Slavery with equal heartiness. He can scarcely fail to unite upon himself the entire anti-Nebraska strength of his district. Of the anti-Administration candidates in the other districts we have no personal knowledge; but if they are reliable men, it is to be hoped that they will have the support of all parties opposed to Slavery extension. There is no time left for new arrangements and combinations. The anti-Administration candidates, as a matter of course, stand pledged to reverse the mischievous policy of the Dodges and Hens, and their election would go far to place Iowa where she belongs, on the list of Free States.

J. G. W.

## CONGRESS.

The Senate was today, as usual, "agitated," "excited," or "outraged," whichever it may be, by the presentation of the memorial of citizens, asking the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. The bill for the construction of a subterranean telegraph line from the Mississippi to California, was passed; as was also a bill empowering the Alexandria and Washington Railroad Company to bridge the Potomac and connect Alexandria with Baltimore by a railroad through this city.

In the House, a bill was passed providing for the repayment to Maryland of moneys advanced by her to the General Government; also, a bill chartering the Georgetown Gas Light Company. The House then went into Committee, and entered with earnestness upon the consideration of the River and Harbor appropriation bill, which contemplates the expenditure of nearly two and a half millions of dollars.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

MASSACHUSETTS IN MOVING. A sermon preached in Worcester, on Sunday, June 4, 1854, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Minister of the Free Church, Boston. James Monroe & Co. Pp. 15.

The text of this discourse reveals its purpose: "Shall the iron break the Northern iron and steel?" It is one of the most startling and earnest voices from the pulpit, called out by the late exhibition in Boston of the atrocities of the Fugitive Slave Law. If we cannot subscribe to the author's conclusions, or admit as our own his views of duty, we none the less admire his bold, manly, self-sacrificing spirit. It is one of those utterances which "stir the blood to mutiny," by the very repression of a passionate under-tone of intense conviction. It has no rant or extravagance, but, on the contrary, an ominous calm pervades it—it is the deliberate language of one who has resolutely made up his mind to resist oppression in the most direct manner, and by the use of such means as seem to him most effectual. In reading it, one would be ready to believe that the spirit of his freedom-loving Puritan ancestor, the minister of Salem, had spoken through him, in the tone and temper of the days of Sydney and Hampden. We do not agree with him in his distrust and despair of a peaceful and legal triumph of free principles in our country, yet we confess that we were a good deal impressed with the truth (so far as the history of the last few years is concerned) of the following striking passage:

"Our labor to reform the North, with the whole force of nationalized Slavery to resist, is like the effort of Sir John Franklin, on his first voyage, to get northward by travelling on the ice. He travelled toward the pole for six weeks, no doubt of that; but at the end of the time, he was 200 miles farther from it than when he started. The ice had floated southward—and our ice floats southward also. So it will be, while this Union concentrates power in the hands of slaveholders, and gives the North only commercial prosperity, the more thoroughly to enervate and destroy it."

The publication of this sermon is noteworthy as a sign of the times, and an indication of the spirit which the recent aggressions of Slavery has waked up in the North. J. G. W.

DECISION OF A TRUST CASE.—The Supreme Court at New York yesterday dismissed, with costs, the half million trust case of the North American Trust Company against Graham, Blakelock, and others. The trust was made in 1840, to secure the Girard and United States Banks at Philadelphia.

CHARGE OF KIDNAPPING.—J. S. Russell, the captain of a canal boat, was arrested yesterday morning, at Albany, charged with being an accomplice of Murrell in kidnapping Solomon Northrup. He admitted he was at the inauguration at Washington, in 1841. He was ironed and taken to Ballston Spa for trial.

THE Louisville Journal says of Mr. Benton's epistle on Mr. Pettit:

"The remark is a coarse one, and there is nothing to redeem it except its strict truth."

It appears that the grand jury of the Criminal Court at Cincinnati has found a true bill of indictment against Peter Kroger, the Roman Catholic priest, for the alleged attempt to commit an infamous outrage on the person of a young German girl.

The grand jury of the United States Circuit Court at New Orleans, while they "strongly incline to the opinion" that mockings are held and funds collected by persons having nefarious designs upon Cuba, think that the reports of preparations for such a movement are greatly exaggerated, "nothing like military organization or preparation having been brought to their notice."

## INTERESTING FROM KANSAS.

WESTPORT, JACKSON CO., MO.,

June 28, 1854.

## To the Editor of the National Era:

DEAR SIR: I have left my Ohio home and friends, and have come here for the purpose of selecting myself and family a future home in this, the fairest portion of God's earth. A struggle is before us. It looks as though the inhabitants of this county think that they can people, or dictate who shall people, the whole Kansas Territory. They in the start flocked into the Territory by hundreds. Men would take perhaps a dozen dollars, stick their stake, mark their names, get up a little money, resolve to protect each other and each other's claims. They also resolved, at all hazards, that Kansas belonged to, and should be settled exclusively by, slaveholders. After this, nine out of every ten return to their Missouri homes, supposing that they have fixed, beyond the possibility of repeal, the institutions of Kansas for all time to come. Meetings are held in Missouri, where lynching is publicly recommended, as the last resort, to drive those "sketchy-livered Abolitionists" out of Kansas into Nebraska, which they condescendingly say is "set apart for us." A few Northern men already have been driven from the Territory; others frightened away. A few slaveholders already have moved in with their slaves. The Methodist missionaries sent here for the purpose of enlightening and Christianizing the poor Indians have their slaves to do the drudgery of the missions; thus, while they are enlightening and Christianizing one class of heathens, as an auxiliary in the good cause, they are grinding down and blotting out the very souls of other heathens. Indeed, it is a question whether they Christianize or heathenize the most.

Of course, the influence of these factious settlements is against us. At Fort Leavenworth, the United States officers are degrading themselves and their calling, by going with the South, and hooting at Northern men, and even justifying lynching of them, for no other cause than that they are Northern men! A dark picture, truly; but think not that it has no bright side; Northern men have been found who could not be scared; settlements have been commenced, slaveholders have become frightened, slaves, we hear, "they will not trust their slaves there!" I have just made a trip over into the Territory, found on the Indian reserve scores of families from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and other States, and still they come.

Next week we are to have a general meeting up on Kansas river, where hundreds of free men will be rallied; and, first will then go forth the word will sound the death knell to Slavery, in Kansas, at least. All we ask is, for Northern men, and Southern men, tired of Slavery, who design emigrating here, to come now! Now is the time they can suit themselves with homes; and, above all, now, or soon, this Slavery question must be met, and settled. During our trip over into the Territory, we saw the Baptist mission—a pure anti-slavery mission. We saw the Friends of Quaker mission—under the superintendence, Friend Fayer, sick, but kindly received by his family, and Richard Meadenhall, their teacher, and his amiable wife—all strong Anti-Slavery people, to whom we are indebted, not only for their kindness to us, but for much valuable information. Say to freemen, "Come on, secure a home, and assist in this great struggle between Slavery and Freedom."

Our nearest post office at present is Westport, Jackson county, Missouri.

Yours, truly,

SAMUEL N. WOOD.

GLASGOW, BARKEN CO., KY.,

July 1, 1854.

## To the Editor of the National Era:

I believe, if the people of Kentucky were to vote on the subject, undrilled by politicians, there would be an overwhelming majority opposed to the repeal of the slavery restriction in the Missouri Compromise. I am truly glad that the country is waking up to the encroachments of the Slave Power. Better now than never. But it would have been much better, and the Union would have been much safer, if they had waked up some five years ago, and excluded slavery from all our Territories.

The people of the free States are said to be intelligent, well read; but they have studied history and human nature to little purpose, if they think to make the Union safer, or curtail the power of slavery, by yielding to its demands. Permit me to say to the Anti-Slavery friends, when they get into power, be moderate. Permit me to say to the Anti-Slavery press and politicians, don't denounce "the South." Remember, a large majority in "the South," are not slaveholders, and very many who own slaves, and who do not, are anxious for the removal of slavery, and curtailment of the Slave Power, as any persons at "the North"—perhaps more so. They are under its blighting influence.

BOSTON, JULY 6, 1854.

## To the Editor of the National Era: